

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

Spain will manage to struggle along without a naval board of inquiry.

Uncle Sam has \$500,000,000 in gold in his Treasury—enough to give several of us a farm without any Oklahoma lottery.

Professor Arlo Bates of Massachusetts, is shocked by the enormous number of books published in this country every year. We do not see why he should be. Surely we have got to do something to fill the shelves of all those new Carnegie Libraries that are being built. Book-writing has come to be a great national industry, and this is no time to try to check it.

The Chicago ordinance for municipal supervision and encouragement of athletics has passed the council shorn of the provision for boxing exhibitions. The ordinance makes it the duty of a committee "to encourage the physical development of our people, and to educate them to a knowledge of the fact that indulgence in athletic exercises and sports will greatly benefit the physical and moral health of those who engage in such exercises."

Lord Selborne, outlining in the British House of Lords the plans of the Government for improving the navy, said that it was proposed to establish a school of naval strategy, such as existed in the United States. Lord Dudley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, said it was clear that Great Britain would have to look elsewhere than to her mercantile marine for naval reserves, adding that the number of British seamen was now 5000 fewer than it was thirty years ago.

"And so appendicitis is 'catching,' according to a story from Boston. It is not carried around by mosquitoes or fleas or flies, to be sure, but is transmitted by 'auto-suggestion.' Several weeks ago a young woman was operated on for appendicitis. Her fiancée was constantly at her side during her illness, and suffered almost as much as she did with very similar pains. Finally the young man was obliged to call a physician, who diagnosed his case as appendicitis, and said he had 'caught' it by 'auto-suggestion' from his sweetheart.

"The improvement in weapons does not render the prosecution of war more difficult, as is contended in some quarters," declared Sir William MacCormac, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in a paper read before the British Medical Association. The character of gunshot wounds has completely changed since my experience in the Franco-Prussian war (when he was surgeon-in-chief to the Anglo-American ambulance). Not only has the severity of the wounds been diminished, but they are less frequent. Only six per cent. of the wounded die."

Professor Marshall, the English economist, estimates that \$500,000,000 is spent annually by the British working classes for things that do nothing to make their lives nobler or truly happier. At the last meeting of the British Association, the President, in an address to the economic section, expressed his belief that the simple item of food waste alone would justify the above-mentioned estimate. One potent cause of waste, to-day, is that very many of the women, having been practically brought up in factories, do not know how to buy economically, and are neither passable cooks nor good housekeepers. It has been estimated that, in the United States, the waste from bad cooking alone is over \$1,000,000,000 a year!

The schemes for cheap living may become interesting to a greatly increased number of families if the reports as to the scarcity of vegetables shall prove to be well founded. Indeed, it is a fact that the price of potatoes has gone up in most Northern markets, and there are solemn predictions of an almost complete failure of the crop. How far the cupidity of dealers is responsible for this advance in the price of potatoes has not been ascertained, but it is the part of wisdom for the people to keep in a hopeful frame of mind until the alleged scarcity shall have been placed beyond a doubt. From Virginia comes the cheering announcement that the potato crop of this year in that State has exceeded that of any past year. We may have the same sort of news from other sections before long.

SPARE HER, GOOD LORD.

Dear, sweet and charming little elf,
From everlasting love and self,
From greed of gold and love of pelf,
Spare her, good Lord.

If failing on her bed she lay
Alone, with all but God away,
From pain severe and long delay,
Spare her, good Lord.

If one of all the sons of men,
His fondest soul shall offer, then
From unresponsive love again,
Spare her, good Lord.

From scornful sneer and biting jest,
When of her heart she gives the best,
Send her solace in lasting rest,
Spare her, good Lord.

From mortal days, unloved, alone,
When ripened to a woman grown,
Mysterious freak—a woman lone—
Spare her, good Lord.

—Ernest Horsfall Rydall.

The Death of a Coward.

THE boy leant wearily against the bulwark rails, watching the lights as they came up one by one on the coast. The plunging of the ship still made the head reel, and he was weak from want of food. He seemed altogether apart from the stir and life that three hundred emigrants on board created. His whole soul was filled with a dumb and impotent protest against his fate, and the life before him. Old Captain Malcolm had shown little wisdom when he sent his only son to sea to have some pluck knocked into him. In the father's defence it may be said that he was utterly unable to realize the timidity and sensitiveness of the boy. All his ancestors had been rough seamen who had faced storm and danger on every sea, and courage and nerve were hereditary qualities. And now the last of the Malcoms seemed more of a girl than any of his five sisters.

All the exhortations to manliness, all the covert reproaches that came from his father, were so many darts that rankled and festered in his soul, but failed to compel his nature to be other than he was. The boy was made, for peace, for the quiet and uneventful life that an office in his native town could have offered under his mother's watchful care. Instead, he was here, an apprentice on the steamship *Pride of Asia*, a big cargo boat just off the ships on the Tyne, and carrying emigrants to the Cape.

The ship's doctor came out of the saloon in the poop to go his evening round below. With him was his wife, a slight, girlish figure, wrapt in a heavy cloak. She turned at the ladder which led to the lower deck, and was about to go back, when her eyes fell on the boy. She had noticed him once or twice before, and his white face and lonely air roused the womanly sympathy in her. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and said: "You are leaving home, like me."

The boy started. A slight color sprang to his cheeks, and tears to his eyes. He smiled faintly, showing a gap where two teeth had been knocked out by a smaller boy in the only fight he had ever had at school. "Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"You must feel lonely," she said; "but you will soon be back, and then every one will think so much of you." Her voice had something caressing and inviting about it; and so his confidence, overcoming his shyness and reserve, broke bounds. He told her everything—how he would hate this life, how all filled him with fear and disgust, the cold and darkness, the chaff and horseplay of his fellow-apprentices, the indifference of every one around him. He told how impossible it was to come up to his father's standard, how he felt he was a born coward, and that he would always be one, shrinking instinctively from the danger and excitement that bolder natures took pleasure in.

She listened sympathetically. Her hand had patted him once or twice, and encouraged him to go on. When he ended, she said: "You must not be too hard on yourself. It is not always those who fear the least that are bravest in the end. When the time comes, I am sure you will do your duty."

The boy heard her listlessly. He had little heart to respond to any appeal to his manliness. There seemed no time when he would not shrink from hardship or danger. He almost felt as if his confidence had been misplaced, and that she had understood nothing after all.

She saw the change, and her interest in him somewhat waned. Courage to a woman is the primary quality in the other sex, and nothing will compensate for the lack of it. She bade him good night and turned away to the poop.

In a few minutes the second mate passed along the deck and told the boy to go below. Then all was quiet.

A few hours later the *Pride of Asia* was steaming at "slow," with her whistle going every few minutes. The Channel fog girt the ship like a shroud. The Captain walked the bridge uneasily. No tempest or rock-bound shore gives the anxiety that a fog on this waterway of the nations does. Danger is imminent everywhere, and the most careful seamanship is no guarantee of safety. So it was now. A hoarse shout came from the man on the lookout. The Captain sprang to the telegraph, and as "Full speed ahead" rang out a large sailing ship took form in the fog, and in a few seconds crashed into the steamer in front of the bridge.

The *Pride of Asia* shook from stem to stern, heeled over to starboard, and then began to forge ahead, while the other went pounding along her side, wrenching the port boats from

her davits and staving them in with her bow-sprit. Then she passed away as a ghost in the fog.

The *Pride of Asia* had met her death wound. At once all was noise and confusion. The emigrants came pouring up on deck, screaming and shouting with terror. Some of the sailors rushed to clear the boats, but a sharp order from the Captain stopped them.

In a few seconds the Captain had decided on his course. The remaining boats would not carry a hundred and fifty people. There were more than twice that number on board. On the other hand, the land was about three miles off, and a sandy and protected beach meant safety. But could it be done with that hole in her side? He would try. He changed her course, rang "Full speed ahead," and shouted to the mate, "Go down and shut the forward bulkheads, Mr. Jones."

The mate ran forward, and with the help of the carpenter tore off part of the hatch covering and sprang to the ladder. As he climbed down young Malcolm peered aimlessly over the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the mate, and Malcolm, galvanized into activity by fear, seized a lantern from the alleyways and clambered down into the hold.

The mate ran toward the iron door in the bulkhead, which had been left open, and pushed it to.

"The light here—quick!"

And the boy brought it. "Blast them!—oh, blast them!" roared the mate. "They've put the bolts on the wrong side. In five minutes we'll all be in kingdom come."

He stumbled for the ladder, and Malcolm followed, wild with terror. Yes, every one would be drowned, and he, too, with the cruel, cold water sucking him down. He dropped the lantern and began to pull himself up the ladder.

Suddenly he stopped. An idea had been born in his brain; a hideous, unthinkable thought—the door could be closed from the other side. He hung limply on the ladder, and in his mind raged a tornado of conflict.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship, safe once again at home! But the mate had said that all were lost. That meant him, too. And if only that door were shut, all could be saved. Great beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He groaned and writhed about like one on the rack. Then he began to descend slowly. He stopped again on the last rung. He clung to the ladder as a drowning man to a rope. He could never let go. Why was he not going up the ladder? There were boats left. He had seen that. He could fight for a place, and be saved. He was so young; not old, like the mate and captain. They must give him a place.

All at once he loosened his hold and ran blindly for the door. On the way he tripped and fell heavily on his hands and face, cutting and bruising them. He lay half stunned for a minute, moaning from the pain, then raised himself and crawled the rest of the way. He passed through the door, and with feverish haste shot the great iron bolts. The boy was alone in his tomb. He leaned against the bulkhead, sick, sick to death. Why had he done this? He did not know. They would be saved now, but he—O! God, no more light or life for him! His poor dry lips moved convulsively, and his hands beat aimlessly on the iron wall. He would go back. Hope returned with a rush. He would die in the open—with others around him. It would be good to die thus, not in this hell of darkness and desolation. He unshot one bolt and fumbled for the other. Then, with a low moan, he cast himself from it, driving his teeth into his lips in his agony.

It was not to be. He was too great a coward to live. He could only die. He would pray. But he could think of nothing—nothing but the "This night when I lie down to sleep" he had learned at his mother's knee.

To sleep—oh, he would sleep long! There was to be no waking this time.

Long shuddering fits shook his frame as he felt the key fingers of death rising inch by inch. He screamed and raved, dashing his head against the iron, that death might come quickly. He plunged beneath the water, only to come up again, fighting madly for life. Then there was a long drawn sob, and then silence.

The Captain stood on the bridge, a figure of stony despair. The land could never be reached with water pouring like a torrent into the forward hold. He cursed his negligence in overlooking such a frightful blunder. It was going to cost two hundred lives, and he must not be among the saved. The *Pride of Asia* was getting low in the water, but he could not understand why she was not sinking more by the bow. She was vibrating from the engines, pushed to their highest pressure, for the firemen stuck gallantly to their posts. Five minutes went, and ten, and then, with a sudden shock, she took ground, and all were safe.

Next morning, young Malcolm was missing, and the sorrowful news was sent to his father. It was thought he had fallen overboard when the ship grounded, and he could not swim.

A week afterward, the divers entered the forward hold, and found to their astonishment, that the bulk head door, which they had expected to find open, was closed.

They forced it open, and against it was floating the body of a boy.

Old Captain Malcolm comes often to the little graveyard by the sea. It stands a cross, on which are inscribed the words:

"HERE LIES A HERO."

THE DANCE OF DAVID.

Curious Religious Ceremony Peculiar to the Abyssinians.

The following extracts, says the London Graphic, are from the diary of Captain R. P. Cobbold, during his journey to join the Abyssinians operating with the British forces against the Mad Mullah: "I was lucky to have been in Harrar at the festival of the 'Dance of David Before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord.' The sight is probably but little changed since the first performance 1600 years ago, and still bears, in all probability, an intimate relation to the old Jewish dance. The Christianity of Abyssinia of to-day, in accordance and in religious observance, is a replica of ancient Christendom, such as it was in the time of Constantine, and in this sense alone offers historical interest such as is afforded by no other country at the present moment.

"But to get on with the dance. Its origin dates from the year 323 A. D., or thereabouts, when the Emperor Constantine called together the first council of Bishops in Constantinople. At that time the Abyssinians had been recently converted to Christianity, and, as time went on, sent, as did other Christian Kingdoms and States, a Bishop or representative of the church, at the invitation of the Emperor, to the yearly Council of Bishops at Constantinople, where the ordinances of the church for the ensuing year were drawn up and agreed upon. At the sixth council the 'Dance of David Before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord' was revived, having been copied from the Jews, and was ordered to be hereafter included in the ordinances for each ensuing year by the representatives of the Christian Church. It seems, however, that at the seventh Council of Bishops, the continuation of the dance of David was disallowed, and the order for its performance rescinded. But it happened that the Bishop representing Abyssinia was unable to be present either at this or the next council; the country, in all probability, being in a state of war, and unable to consider spiritual matters. The Abyssinian Church, therefore, continued in ignorance of the order rescinding the dance, which has, in consequence, been continued and performed on the sacred Saturday before Easter.

"As we neared the courtyard of Ras Makonnen's house we were greeted with sounds of singing. Upon entering we were surprised to find the place crowded with people, and then realized that we had been asked to witness a religious ceremony. Some of those present were beautifully attired in Indian robes, and wore gold crowns covered with precious stones. Others dressed in white, with a deep red band running down the centre (distinguishing them from Mohammedans), the headress consisting of a large white turban. All these people were seated on the ground in the veranda, and in the centre we discovered the Garasmach (General of the Right) seated on a chair of state. After greeting him I had time to look about at the weird crowd facing us in a semi-circle. At my left, under a magnificently embroidered umbrella, stood an aged man, and in his immediate following were small children, holding some scriptural sign. The old man was the high priest. Beyond him, and completing the semi-circle, stood other men, all dressed in white, some holding wands and others rattles, while still others were weighted down with heavy drums. Thus they sang the Psalms of David—to the accompaniment of music and dancing. The priests, as they continued the movement, gradually warmed up to the work, and ended in a wild, fantastical figure. This over, a representative was chosen from among the priests, who delivered a long harangue to the Garasmach, chanting psalms and extolling the merits of the Emperor, Ras Makonnen, and the Garasmach himself, finishing by hoping that the Garasmach would not forget that they had fasted for two months, and that he would give them plenty of food and money.

The General of the Right thereupon asked us to call upon him in half an hour, and then proceeded to the reception hall, where the priests received money and an invitation to breakfast on the following morning. After this the priests broke up into small parties, and visited the various European high officials in the town, from whom they demanded money. Each man, on giving them a present, received a talisman from the priests, meaning "Good luck and peace be to them."

Value of a Bee's Tongue.

In the new apiculture the length of the bees' tongues is looked upon as a matter of importance. The longer the tongue the greater is the insect's honey-gathering capacity, and a new French apparatus, the glossometer, is designed to aid the apiarist who, by judicious selection, seeks to develop a long-tongued race. The apparatus is simply a glass vessel for syrup, with a lid containing numerous small perforations, and a floating scale to show the height of the liquid when the bees just reach it through the holes. It is estimated that the ordinary bee can draw sweets from a depth of about a quarter of an inch, and that selection can increase its range a twenty-fifth of an inch.

Praises Indian Pupils.

At the recent conference of Baptist missionaries at Chautauqua, Miss Ferree, who represents the Industrial School for Indians at Carlisle, Penn., said that among the noticeable traits of character found in the Indian pupils were honor, obedience and generosity.

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE BUGGY FACTORY ON EARTH. WRITE FOR PRICES AND CATALOGUE.



OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST—OUR PRICE THE LOWEST.

PARRY MFG. CO. Indianapolis, Ind.

Past Brookland through quiet Maryland lanes, amid perfect rural scenery lies the road to the

- RAM'S HORN INN, -

a typical road-house of ye olden time. There is no pleasanter drive around Washington and the distance is but five miles.

ROBERT LAUPP, Proprietor.

Suits for \$1.00.

Gentlemen's Suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.00!!! Make 'em look like new.

Altering and Repairing Done in First-class style. Goods called for and delivered.

HAHN'S 705 9th Street N. W. Washington Phone 1432.

JOHN A. MOORE,

- DEALER IN -

FLOUR, - FEED - AND - GRAIN,

Lime, Cement, Plaster, Pitch, Hair, Etc.

HARDWARE AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

COR. SEVENTH STREET AND FLORIDA AVE., N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE IRVINGTON HOUSE,

TENALTYTOWN, D. C.

Again Open for Business.

After being closed up for four months, and after making a most desperate fight for my rights I have won and will be glad to see all my old friends at the old stand. Nothing but the best for everybody.

Ernest Loeffler, - Proprietor.

DON'T EAT POOR MEATS

"Only the Best."

WHEN YOU CAN BUY FROM US

Delicious Hams, Tongues, Mild-Cured Bacon, Prime Beef, Fresh Pork, and Reliable Sausage.

ANDREW LOEFFLER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

...STANDS...

640, 642 Centre Market, 618, 620 N. L. Market,

72 O Street Market, 65 Western Market,

33 Northeast Market.

Residence and Factory--BRIGHTWOOD AVENUE.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING ..PAYS..